



Opened Door

When I was younger I
thought I knew about
what is was to be free.
Free was green smoke.
Free was sheets stirred.
Now I find myself here:
alone in a blue vacuum,
putting together pieces
of a puzzle for eternity.
I need my puzzle to be
read, I need to be sold,
molded, solid, created,
put in perspective, full.
I need all these things,
I appreciate every piece.
I know that I just need
you like an opened door.

Tarantula

Because you are a tarantula
that sits on my shoulder, &
that I throw out the window,
& that twenty minutes later
sits on my shoulder again, I
say that our two nights were
a little mini-eternity, that
I am reading your thoughts,
that they are tender, melted
into cracks in pavement between
our houses, that I will park
in your harbor like stuck paste
until we merge again into what
melted us before it got so
tangled that webbed hands
are the only analogy, & I
have eight arms to hold you, I
can't forget the night before

Boho

Why, because I
don't have rock
claims on your
corn-fed white-
bread snow-flake
sock-snake world,
scandalous Boho
that I am, mad on
art like Ahab on
big fish, there's a

big one on my
wall, Yeats in
his belly, you
aren't there,
it's made of
pictures, each
a rusty blade:

Byron & Keats say hey

Pow-Wow

I didn't mean to say
that two hands applied
to a nail a back a toe
curled in hurling its
wrath is such a big
turn-on, just that I
have to say it as I
don't know what to
do with myself except
put myself in your
path, ask for a pow-
wow or an armistice,
anything for those hands

Wax Dipped

Ah, bright eyes,
fevers/mirrors in
them, I took hold,
no more I me mine,
all about listen,
internal buzz of
come to be her in
sit wood chair next
to her, here was a
woman, here was I
in a mix of this of
love of putting out,
that it was dipped
in wax, that melded
I left with her, &
that I took her home

Ultimatum

I'll say it one more time:
if you don't take the time
to give time to a girl who
gives you time, that girl
will have to wind up being
mine. That ain't just a line.

Ancient

Past is where I live now,
when eternally the earth
moves like ginger within
her without her, & she
picked up/left town &
she was wearing a jumper
& golden earrings & a
blouse over a blouse &
a pom-pom hat for cold
weather & I remember
being together & her head,
its imprint, lingers like a
fossil shell, & I am ancient.

As and Bs

I do, I don't do, in words:
crumbs crumbling, bread.
I spend in words, to lines.
I see you on other sides, I
see you on As and Bs, I'm
ready when you are, to be
put into these funny things.
I see this is like a movie, or
that place in the city where
you go to be seen: registers.
I ring up everything here, I
put all on hold to do this, I
know not how scenes end.
All I've got to do: act naturally.

Bubbled Crystal

I can't say, truthfully,
that I've worn a groove
between your picture &
my fingers, but that's
only because I see your
face in my mind, sprung
up from earth like an
April shoot, on one of
those days, loaded with
clouds, where mist hangs
heavy, leaves drip, tree
limbs seem blackened, &
grass is bubbled crystal.

Glisten

I know this because
I set up a web under
your bed: you crawl
right in. I spin; we
spin. We feel done in,
but we do it again, &
our web glistens thin.

Glossy Lips

Me first: I see
blue orbs, sharp
& radiant in red
space, I see pins
of white light w
every movement of
your hands, I see
diamonds cut in
two, halves put
on our eyes, I see
the curve of your
hips, taut calves,
glossy lips (which
smear my jellied
guts), the grace
of moving engine-
like into, beyond,
every sky-space
come down into our
nest, & that means
earth over earth
under earth,
churned & burned

Pine Street Starbucks

I can't forget it: pressed
up against the window
of the Pine St Starbucks,
it seemed to open up a
world, self-sufficient, in
which I fall through ten
hoops, each a finger, &
then am free to loosen
what binds me to come.

High as any Mingus

I walked East Village streets,
high as any Mingus, stoked
only because it was spring,
mud-luscious NYC, puddle-
wonderful, & there was no
tomorrow whatsoever, life
was jelly & couch-surfing &
picking up girls in the park &
going to shows & pulling an
all-nighter sans fear & pulling
stunts & being free & being
young & never thinking “no”
even to “no” & there I was

Dizzy Miss Lizzie

I remember the first time I
wanted to marry you: third
song into your set, down in
the Danger House basement,
you jumped to emphasize
the last chord, A minor, &
your straight red hair fell into
your eyes, which (I hoped)
were looking straight at me.
'This, I thought, is a woman
who knows something about
emphasis. This is a woman
who might punctuate 10,000
nights w immaculate gusto. I
want, I thought, to be there. *There*.

